

# Weedless Ones

## Cannabis Corpse

Behind the shadows  
Foul beings searching for your stash  
They are creatures known as weedless ones

Watching and waiting  
Pinching your bag until it is gone  
Taken by the weedless ones

Putrid rat-like goblins to  
abhorrent to ever see sunlight  
Repellant human-like faces and bodies  
But more animal than they are man

Their search for drugs left them deformed  
They are deranged,  
Pumping through their veins crushing levels  
of THC  
Diminutive blasphemies

Cursed with crippling addiction  
They're slaves to narcotics  
The weedless ones

Have come for you tonight  
While you're passed out in your mom's  
basement  
Silent they smoke your last hit  
Leaving none left when you awaken  
You look at the coffee table  
to see that your last bong hit has now been  
stolen

You search the floor and between the couch  
cushions  
But you'll never see that Weed again  
In the distance you can hear them laughing  
at you  
There's nothing you can do  
But to accept the hand that you've been  
dealt and think about killing yourself

Cursed with crippling addiction  
They're slaves to narcotics

The weedless ones  
They've come for you  
while you're baked watching television  
distracted you let your guard down  
Now your Bag of Pot can't be found!

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Tonight they've come for you  
while you are eating that old pizza  
You thought you could  
have a midnight snack  
Now you'll never get your Weed back!